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Let us retrace remembered scenes,  
Which ne'er before have seem'd so gay.  
Together climb the nine-tree hill,  
Together to the glen we'll go,  
Together seek the shady wood,  
Where wide their arms the beeches  
throw.

Dost thou remember, Chloe, say,  
While yet thou graced this valley fair,  
The eve we went to Narraghmore,  
Our youthful hearts so free from care.

There from the hazel's loaded bough,  
We joy'd the ripen'd nut to bring,  
While with our cries of wild delight,  
We made the woods' loud echoes ring.

To cull the violet's scented head,  
How oft to Willow-brook we've gone,  
How oft have we at morning's dawn,  
My Chloe, wander'd there alone.

Let's tread again our favourite walk,  
Let's hasten to the hills so green,  
All nature pleas'd will look if thou  
Will add thy presence to the scene.  
Oh! come, then come and closer bind,  
The band that friendship round us  
twined. EMMELINE.

#### THE DYING SOLDIER, A SONG,

TUNE.—"GENERAL WOLFE."

THAT evening, how sad, ON CORUNNA'S  
dire plain,  
The field of the fight to survey,  
As the moon dimly shone on the thou-  
sands of slain,  
Whom that morn had seen valiant and  
gay!  
'Twas here that young Patrick, deep  
wounded in fight,  
Lay far from his own native shore;  
He lifted his eyes to the pale-looking light,  
That beheld him all cover'd with gore!  
"Hail! wand'rer of heaven! (all feebly  
he cried)  
I hail but to bid thee adieu!  
O! dear to my memory! thou shall be  
denied,  
For ever again to my view!  
The green banks of Bauna, just now thou  
dost see,  
The glen, and the lawn, and the grove,  
And the place where the date is inscrib'd  
on the tree,  
Thou didst witness the vows of my love.  
"Thou look'st on the cottage, the seat of  
my sire,  
The happy abode of my youth,  
Where a fond mother oft did my child-  
hood inspire,  
With precepts of virtue and truth.

Dost thou mark those dear parents, how  
fervent they bow,  
Heaven's smiles on their son to implore?  
Ah! how will their hearts be distracted  
with wo,  
When they hear that their son is no  
more.

"Dost thou view my sweet Mary, as con-  
stant as fair,  
How she wanders in my absence to mourn!  
My return, the sole hope that can soothe  
all her care,  
But alas! I will never return!  
"If beside the sweet maid, how contented  
I'd die,  
She would smooth the rough passage of  
death;  
But here, in a far foreign soil, I must lie,  
Having yielded, 'mid strangers, my  
breath!

"Thou land of my kindred, my friends,  
and my love,  
And all that is dear to my breast,  
My cares for thy welfare alone shall re-  
move,  
With the pang that consigns me to rest;  
"That pang!—yes, I feel it—but soon  
'twill be o'er,  
For the purpose of mercy 'tis given!—  
O! Erin! my country!—he could say no  
more,  
For that moment his soul flew to heaven!  
Larne, Oct. 1809. M'ERIN.

#### VERSES TO A FRIEND.

THE vale retired, where purple hare-bells  
grow,  
And the sweet, lowly primrose loves to  
blossom,  
The stream that winds in many a mazy  
round,  
Or dash'd from high, returns a brawling  
sound;  
The cliffs that echo to the noisy floods,  
Or deeper murmur of o'ershadowing woods,  
The gloomy grotto and the solemn grove,  
Where musing melancholy loves to rove,  
The glassy fountain and the woodbine  
bower,  
That seem'd so sweet at evening's pensive  
hour,  
These are the scenes where we were wont  
to stray,  
And give to friendship many a passing day.  
Will you, when memory shall those hours  
review,  
Bestow one thought to faithful friendship  
due?  
Will fancy sometimes those fair scenes re-  
trace,  
And warm affection lend to each a grace?

And shall they to my absent friend appear,  
As sweet as charming now, as once they  
were?

Or must the pleasing moments that are  
past,

Be in the stream of dark oblivion cast?  
No fond retracing thought! no sigh sin-  
cere!

No gentle wishes, nor remembrance dear,  
No tender feeling, when you hear me nam'd,  
Nor tear half gushing, by affliction claim'd,  
Our sacred friendship banish'd from your  
mind,

And all its traces scatter'd to the wind;  
Ah! no, if true what my fond heart would  
say,

You'll think of me when I am far away,  
Fancy each long past moment shall recal,  
And dwell with secret pleasure on them  
all.

HENRY.

ACCOUNT OF THE LONDON NEWS-  
PAPERS.\*

ALAS! alas! the *World* is ruined quite,  
The *Sun* comes out at eve, and gives no  
light,

Poor *Albion* is no more, the *Star* do'n't rise,  
And the *True-Britain* nothing tells but  
lies;

'Twould be no ill should they the *Newsp*  
suppress,

And never more permit the *British-Press*;  
There is no hope at all the *Times* will  
mend,

And 'twould be well the *Globe* were at an  
end.

\* Put into more regular metre from a late publica-  
tion, with some additions.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

A NEW academy has lately been established in the kingdom of Italy, under the title of the Italian Academy of Sciences, Literature, and the Arts. Mr. Moscati, of Milan, has been elected president, and the Danish ambassador, Baron Schubart, vice-president, Dr. Gaetano Palloni is perpetual general secretary; and Messrs Bartolini, Ferroni, Simon, and D. P. Schulthesius, pastor of the German chapel at Leghorn, are the secretaries of the four different classes of the academy. There is another Italian academy, more commonly called the *Accademia Sacchetiana*, from the name of its secretary, professor Sacchetti of Pisa, which has lately published the first volume of its Transactions, *Atti dell' Accademia Italiana*, at Florence.

Dr. Struve, who for near eight years has conducted the correspondence of the Russian government with the court of Pekin and other parts of Asia, and has himself visited and resided some time in that quarter of the *Globe*, has lately published in German, and also in French a work entitled a new and more accurate account of the Interior of Asia.

Mr. Guizot has published a new Dictionary of French Synonymes, including those of Girard, Beauzée, Roubeaud, D'Alembert, &c. It is

well executed, and indispensable for all who wish to attain a thorough knowledge of the French language.

Mr. F. A. de Chateaubriand has written what he calls a poem in prose, entitled the Martyrs, or the triumph of Christianity. His object was to show the superiority of the Christian religion over the Pagan. He opens the scene at the time of the persecution in the reign of Dioclesian, and carries his reader into almost every part then under the dominion of the Romans. Most of his characters are taken from history. It is in 2 vols 8vo.

In the art of portrait painting it is obviously important, not merely to give a likeness of a person, but to give a characteristic likeness. For this no doubt talents are requisite; but even talents may derive assistance from art. Accordingly Mr. J. B. de Rubeis has endeavoured to lay down the fundamental principles of this art, in his *des Portraits, ou Traité pour saisir la Physionomie*. It is written in French and Italian, and annexed to it is a Treatise on Anatomy for the use of portrait painters; to whom, as well as to the amateur, he has certainly rendered an important service.

Mr. Macors, of Lyons, having discovered a Mosaic pavement in 1806, has since pursued his researches, and